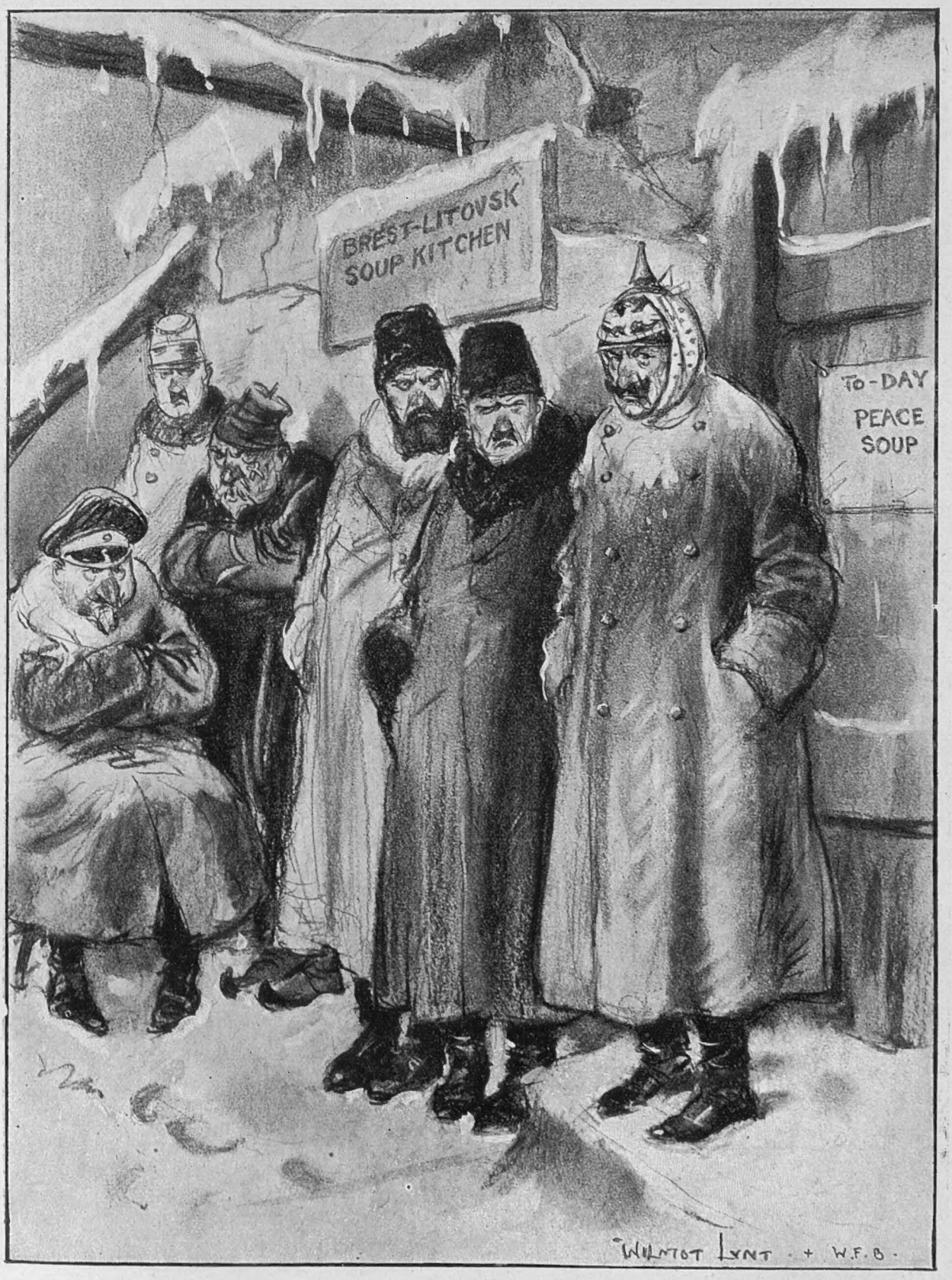
The Bystander. January 23. 1918.—No. 738. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER



THE PEACE QUEUE

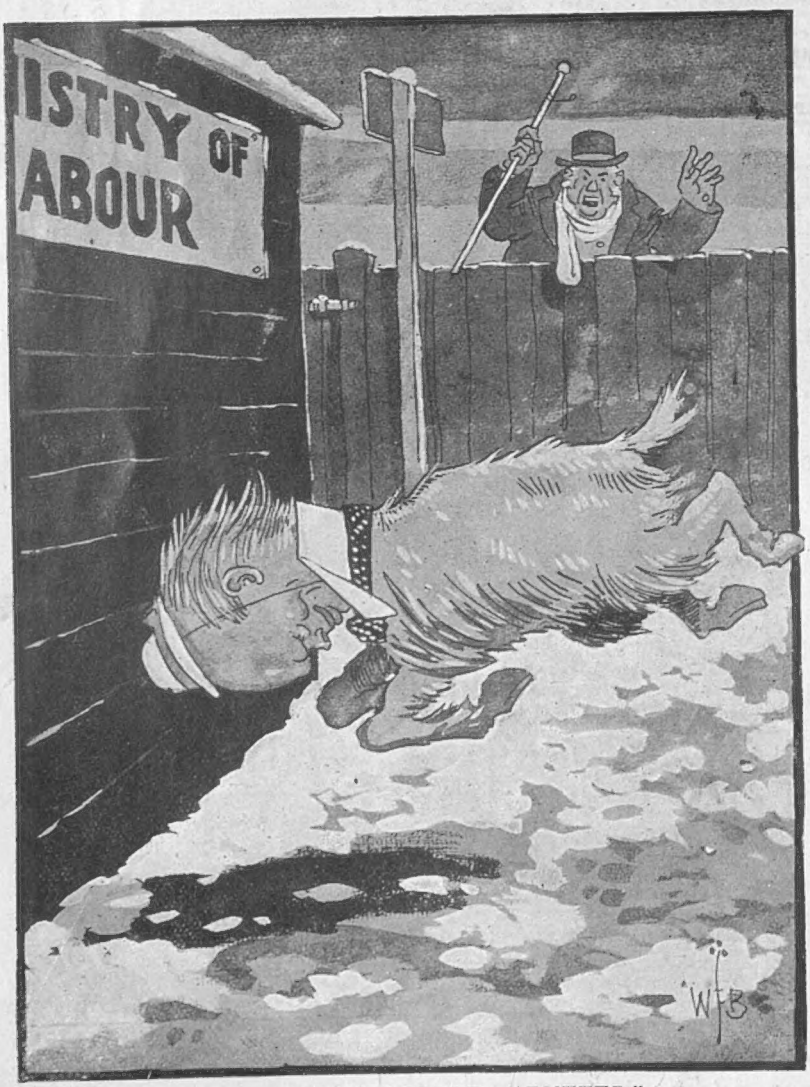
BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

"Man-Power"

THE question of Man-Power and how to get it is the topic of the day—and of many days to come. Almost as much so, indeed, as the enthralling theme of whether you will get any meat for next Sunday's dinner or not, though the hideous heart-searching of the latter problem makes, perhaps, a more personal appeal. It is Man-Power, Man-Power everywhere. Therefore, to help in the good cause, THE BYSTANDER will publish a "Man-Power" number next week, in which innumerable suggestions will be made which cannot fail to be of assistance to Sir Auckland Geddes. Some of the pictorial suggestions might even melt the resolution of the A.S.E.!

Out of the Frying-Pan—

AFTER three years' adventures, the Goeben and the Breslau have come to rather an inglorious end. Even the adoption of a Turkish alias did not prove a sound defence—no, I *don't* mean "alibi," though that didn't avail them either! Indeed, as events have turned out, they would have been safer with their comrades in Kiel. It is only a month or two ago that the Goeben was bombed in harbour in the Bosphorus by the London-to-Constantinople aeroplane; perhaps it was to avoid another visitation that she and her companion ventured out to sea, where, at any rate, they would not offer a sitting target. But the irony of fate has ordained that the Goeben should offer the most sitting target of all—that of a ship run aground; and it should not be long before we hear that our naval bombing-machines have seen to it that no more remains of the Goeben than of the Karlsruhe, destroyed by the same means on a mud-bank in the Rufigi river.



THE UNCONTROLLED "BUTTER"

Glasgow's Tank Week

FOURTEEN million pounds is a very nice little bit of money for the Glaswegians to have poured into their Tank. The spirit of rivalry between the great towns was a fine card to play; and this might be exploited still further by having a return visit of Tanks. London, in that case, might very considerably better her place in the list.

The Bishops' Move

WE are a wonderful people. At the present moment we are engaged in a war that is the biggest ever. We have to meet the enemy on the field with force of arms, and at home we have to circumvent his enterprising efforts to starve us out. Every ounce of energy that every fit man can supply needs to be put into the great fight wherein, we are told, we must go on or go under. And all the while the good bishops are worrying themselves grey over the acute problem as to whether an English gentleman who happens to be a clergyman really believes what he says when he says it. Marvellous!

Ex-Ministers Who are Sulking

WHEN a great Minister, desiring to secure unity, consults ex-Ministers, he should surely be met with civility. A friendly note—"Dear——, We are anxious to do—. I should be grateful if you would come and see me and give us the advantage of your advice," should surely be replied to otherwise than "Dear——, If you want to see me, please ring up my secretary, and he will tell you when you may find me at home for a few minutes." This incident has been indignantly discussed in the clubs, where it is considered

(Continued on page 180)

Trying to be On with the Old Love

OLD MISS POLLY TICKS: "Bertie, de-ar! How s-weet to have you all to my little self again—for a whole evening, too!"

BERTIE ASQUITH (absent-mindedly): "M'm, yes—quite so! (Aside)—Whether it is that one becomes hypercritical——? Somehow or other, I can't help being conscious of a certain cloying fatuity in her smile—a repellent beadiness of the eye—those curls annoy me! Can we have been too long apart?"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

that the men who are doing the nation's work should be visited, and not called on to run all over the town. In which you will agree.

What About Ireland?

WHEN I told you last week that the new National Party had some surprises in store, my readers would scarcely expect so early a fulfilment. The campaign, which I learn is to be a really big thing, in favour of military conscription in Ireland at once is but the beginning. In Ireland to-day not only have we several hundreds of thousands of fine men who should be fighting for us, but we are actually compelled to keep there a large number of fully- trained soldiers to see that the law is upheld; and we can no longer do this. The old political gangs, who still think only in terms of votes, were quite tolerant, but the new National Party comes out for the right and puts it to the test. The N. P. began hazardously, but is doing finely now. And a level-headed banker, who has been through their bad time with them, tells me that they deserve it all. By which, I suppose, he means their good time, which he tells me is fast coming.

Fair Play for Young Officers

IS it not possible to devise a scheme under which young officers in both Services may communicate direct with an Inventions Officer without writing through their own C.O.? The man who invents a device is, after all, best able to explain it, and unless he gets credit for it the faculty of invention will lack encouragement. There are some curious stories in the City and elsewhere, but they should be accepted *cum grano*. At least, I devoutly hope so. Still, why not let sense for once triumph over red-tape, and give some of our very clever youngsters the full chance they deserve?

"ONE GOOD TURN . . ."

WOUNDED SOLDIER *(to young munition worker)*: "Now, my lad, it's either you or me. Don't you think it's about *your* turn?"

The "Shop Stewards"

WHEN labour leaders become Privy Councillors, or even M.P.'s, a gulf of suspicion is interposed between them and their mates! The creation of the shop stewards within the works was an astute move on the part of wire-pullers who desired to exploit the aloofness. How will these gentry behave themselves under the military comb? Many—perhaps the majority—are of fighting age, and if they are half as pugnacious in Flanders as they are in the shops they should soon earn merit, as Mr. Kipling would say. Whether military merit will, in their eyes, be the equal of swollen wages and comfortable domination is one of those fascinating little problems the solution of which reconciles us to life under the English climate, in whisky-less war-time.

"The Habits of the People"

THE Government, after (of course) the most careful consideration, have given permission for a certain amount of winter racing. Apparently the waste of cereals involved balanced itself fairly evenly against the dear old argument of the importance of keeping up the breed of horses. What tipped the scale was the Government's fear of "the effect on the habits of the people" which would be caused by the prohibition of racing. So said the Chancellor of the Exchequer. What he meant, however, was that "the people" would have nothing to bet about—no ready means of throwing their wages into the gutter. On no account must "the habits of the people" be interfered with!

"Pressure"—

BUT the habits of the people are going to be very considerably interfered with when universal rationing comes in, aren't they? Especially in the Midlands and the North! Supposing that in this case, too, the Cabinet does not (as Mr. Clynes so indiscreetly remarked) "appreciate the extent to which we should be forced by pressure." Will the Cabinet's courage, like that of Bob Acres, again ooze out at the tips of their fingers? Will they bow down before the clamour of the North, and divert food to them, contenting themselves with the docile submission of London? And will London, in that case, be so very docile?

—In Opposite Directions

PRESSURE of any kind, even in exactly opposite directions, seems to be equally efficacious with the Government. They yield to the pressure of the gamblers to allow racing and its inseparable companion, betting; they yield also, apparently, to the anti-gamblers, who cry aloud that an issue of Premium Bonds would be a soul-destroying wickedness. That the latter would, at any rate, provide the country with an enormous quantity of ready money, while the former merely fills the pockets of a few bookmakers, is a matter unworthy of consideration. Better far that capital should be conscripted than that wages should not find their accustomed way into the pockets of parasites more pestilent even than profiteers!

Decorated

Photograph LADY KNOWLES *Bassnao*

Who has been rewarded for the admirable work she has done as Commandant of the Camberley Auxiliary Hospital by being made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE. Gerrard 3527
ALFRED BUTT presents Albert de Courville's New Revue,
"HERE AND THERE!"
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS., MON., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
LILIAN McCARTHY, MARK HAMBOURG, VESTA TILLEY, LYDIA KYASHT, NEIL KENYON, Etc.
'Phone: Gerrard 7541.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.
Last weeks of Albert de Courville's
"ZIG-ZAG!"
(In Preparation BOX O' TRICKS).
Telephone: Gerrard 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, January 21.
LITTLE TICH, MISS RUTH VINCENT, ERNIE LOTINGA & CO., MAIDIE SCOTT, ELLA SHIELDS, MARIE DAINTON, JACK PLEASANTS, JACK LANE, THORNLEY DODGE, Varieties.

OXFORD. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
C. B. Cochran's Stupendous Success, "THE BETTER 'OLE."
By Bruce Bairnsfather and Arthur Eliot.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER as "Old Bill." Smoking permitted.

ADELPHI, STRAND (Ger. 2645). "THE BOY."
W. H. BERRY, Nellie Taylor, Maidie Hope, Donald Calthrop, Maudie Dunham, C. M. Lowne, W. H. Rawlins, Peter Gawthorne.
EVENINGS at 8. MATS., WED. and SAT. at 2.

DALY'S. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production. EVENINGS at 8.
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, Dorothy Shale, etc. MATINEES, TUES. & SATS., at 2.

DRURY LANE. ALADDIN.
By F. ANSTEY, FRANK DIX and ARTHUR COLLINS.
TWICE DAILY, 1.30 and 7.30.
Box Office, 10 to 10 Telephone: 2588 Gerrard.

DUKE OF YORK'S. EVENINGS at 8.30.
MATS.: WEDS., THURS. & SATS. at 2.30.
Mr. Albert de Courville's Production,
THE 13th CHAIR.
A Mystery by the author of "Within the Law."
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Telephone: Gerrard 314.

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

(EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT).

Principal Office: Nos. 33 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. will pay to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket:

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway-train, public omnibus tramcar or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket (or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger

Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder:

£1,000 for the loss of Two Limbs by actual separation at or above the wrist or ankle; or

£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz.:

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.
2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.
3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.
4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, so signed, shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.
5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday, the 21st day of January, 1918, until midnight of Wednesday, the 30th day of January, 1918.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Signature of holder.....

This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1d. per copy. Canada, under 1 lb. 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.

Frequent Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, NEW ZEALAND (via PANAMA CANAL).

Return Tickets by P. & O. to Ports East of Suez, at a Fare-and-a-Half, available for 24 months. P. & O. Australian Tickets interchangeable one way by New Zealand Shipping Company (via Panama) or by Orient Line.

For particulars of Sailings, apply P. & O. and BRITISH INDIA Passenger Dept., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3; or 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C. 2, London.

BRITISH INDIA COMPANY.—For general information apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)

FOUNDED 1851.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

New Terms for The Bystander

Commencing with the issue of January 2, 1918, the price of THE BYSTANDER was increased to Ninepence, and the subscription rates are as follows:—

Twelve months, 52 issues, and Christmas and Summer Numbers.

United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
£2 7s. 6d.	£2 9s. 6d.	£2 14s. 0d.

Six Months:

United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
£1 4s. 0d.	£1 5s. 0d.	£1 7s. 6d.

Shorter Periods Pro Rata.

Subscriptions can be started from any date.

Remittance should be made payable to
H. R. BAINES & CO., LTD.,
TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

HIGH-CLASS SECOND-HAND AND ANTIQUE

FURNITURE & EFFECTS

FOR IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL,
BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES AND OTHERS.

Being the **ENTIRE CONTENTS** of **SEVERAL TOWN** and **COUNTRY MANSIONS,** comprising English, French, and Italian Furniture, English and Oriental carpets, pictures by modern and old masters, china and glass, pianolortes. silver and plate, linen, and various objects of art, including styles of Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Early Georgian, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adams, Sheraton, besides a magnificent collection of black and gold and coloured lacquer furniture of Oriental taste.

THE **BED-ROOM APPOINTMENTS,** in modern and antique styles, include complete suites from 5gs. up to 400gs., several old bow front and other chests, gent.'s wardrobe and tallboy chests, 75 elegant polished brass bedsteads, French and Italian, also a rare black and gold Chinese lacquer four post bedstead, and a rare Elizabethan four post bedstead, elegantly carved with cherubs, &c.

THE **LOUNGE, DINING-ROOM, AND LIBRARY FURNITURE** include several fine complete dining-room sets, a very pretty set, comprising sideboard, dining table, overmantel, 2 armchairs, and 4 small dining chairs, all in solid oak, being offered as low as 20gs, complete; lounge easy chairs, 47s. 6d. each; Chesterfield settees, £3 7s. 6d. each: complete set of crystal table glass, £5 17s. 6d.: polished oak canteens, containing cutlery, by Mappin and Webb, £5 17s. 6d.; quantity of plate by Elkington and other well-known makers.

THE **DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE,** in styles of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, carved and gilt, also some exquisitely painted and decorated satinwood cabinets, screens, settees, chairs, tables, &c.

IMPORTANT **PEDESTAL SOFA, ORIGINALLY THE PROPERTY OF NAPOLEON I.** (Art Dealers and Collectors should send for design and particulars.)

THE **BILLIARD-ROOMS, LIBRARIES, AND HALL APPOINTMENTS** include several Persian, Turkey, and Oriental Carpets and Rugs, 3 Billiard tables, complete with all accessories.

SEVERAL **PIANOFORTES** by eminent makers, including a serviceable Piano suitable for practice, £5 15s.; capital Pianoforte, full compass, ivory keys, by Moore, 18gs.; genuine "Stanley" model, fine touch and tone, 25gs.; short Grand Piano, by John Broadwood, 27gs.; short Grand, by Kirkman, 75gs.

Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world. **COMPLETE CATALOGUES, ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW READY. SENT POST FREE.**

THE FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

(By Royal Appointment to the King of Spain),

48-60 PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. 1.

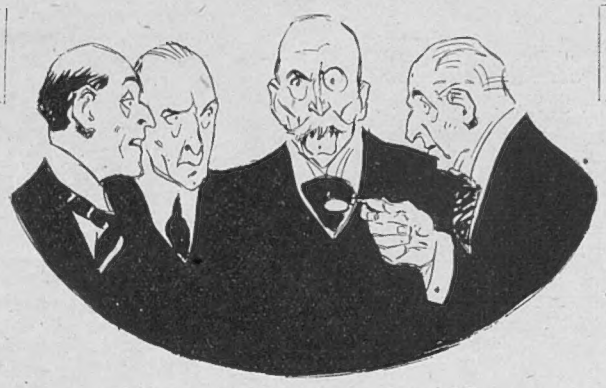
CAB FARES REFUNDED TO ALL PURCHASERS.

'Phone 3,472 North. Business Hours: Open every day 9 to 8.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE



"Such a fearful plunge in the dark"

LONDON, *January* 21, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

THE Lords were so funny about the Woman Suffrage Bill—sounded quite like old times, it did! And especially, of course, the antis, who suffered, poor dears, from the disadvantage of being, from the outset, not only rather badly in the minority, but also slightly *vieux jeu* and very early Victorian, and other dreadful things.

卐 卐

THEIR chief argument, needless to say, was that to give six millions of us the vote would be such a *fearful* plunge in the dark. As the funniest of them all, Lord Curzon, put it—a vast, incalculable, almost catastrophic change which was without precedent in history and without justification in experience.

卐 卐

As if that mattered! As if *anything* worth while *ever* happened without risk! And how *can* you justify a thing by experience, when you've never tried it? And why this deep-down masculine fear of change?

Let the great world swing for ever
Down the ringing grooves of change

sang even Tennyson, most priceless of Victorians. And you'd think even a backwoods lord would know that the great big world keeps turning: that it's impossible for life to stand still—if it cannot move forward it will plunge backward—and that time changes everybody—who *is* anybody.

卐 卐

AND I always notice, don't you, how almost invariably, it's one particular kind of man who's so dead against the progress or emancipation of women? Take, for instance, three of its, perhaps, best-known opponents—Lord Curzon, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Lansdowne. Nietzsche, the great philosopher, wrote that "it was impossible to pity women enough." But he spoke of the great world of women and not of that little coterie—sheltered, rich, removed, favoured—such men as these are ordinarily brought up with and associate with and live with.

卐 卐

OF *course* such women don't want a vote! I really believe I could do without it myself if I had everything else in the world that made life worth living—money, beautiful homes, marvellous jewels, unnumbered friends, constant pleasure, an utter absence of all the small wearinesses of life like not enough servants and not enough money and not enough pleasure and not enough time to look, much less keep, beautiful. And the trouble (for them) is, of course, that the vote's a universal affair. I mean, there is now nothing in all the world that the rich woman has in common with the poor one, for even grief is more bearable if you've lovely surroundings to bear it in. But Woman Suffrage will, anyway, equalise women politically—though it's hard to believe, isn't it, in dear old Tory England, that a dairymaid's vote can ever *really* be *quite* as good as a duchess's?

"Other queues as well as butter ones"

卐 卐

THE sex question is also, I note, regarded in high life quite differently from the way it is lower down—where, you see, there are other things to think about. As having any bearing on their relations with men, I really don't believe the majority

(Continued on page 184)

of ordinary women consider the vote at all; but the leader of the House of Lords thinks otherwise. Had they seriously considered, he asked his brother lordships, the difference votes for women would make in the relations between the sexes? Would men like their wages regulated by women? Would they like their drinks done likewise? And if war again broke out, would they care to be conscripted by women?

卐 卐

YOU'LL remember Mr. Burke said, long since and in another talking place, that the Age of Chivalry was gone. It's evidently, though, had a second time on earth, for my Lord Curzon wonders whether, under votes-for-women circumstances—

> Men would, in regard to the application of physical force to women, have the same reluctance which had been the basis of the chivalrous relation which had hitherto existed between the sexes, and had been a most ennobling and purifying influence.

卐 卐

I CAN'T think what he means, can you? But it sounds *very* frightening. You don't think he means they'll *hit* us, do you?

卐 卐

IF SO, jolly good thing—what?—that here in England now the war's made a fair wash-out of the old sofa-and-sobs woman and evolved in her place such hefty bits of skirt as become Waacs and Wrens, and lightly handle the hugest horses and motor vans, and bang lift-doors in your face and all *sorts* of big, coarse, masculine things. But *I* don't think the Age of Chivalry is past, d'you? What of those *six* Staff Officers who *all* went out questing cough lozenges for one (pretty) typist at the W.O. the other day?

卐 卐

APROPOS, there'll be more war weddings than ever, won't there, now that Second-Lieutenants are to get 10*s.* 6*d.* per diem instead of 7*s.* 6*d.*? Though, goodness knows, three shillings goes a *very* short way these *awful* expensive days, and, for myself, I often envy the lady in those most charming "Irish Memories" of Edith Somerville and Martin Ross, who possessed in her garden a rustic seat, hidden deep in laurels, where she was wont to hide when, as she said, "they came to look for me to ask what was to be for the servants' dinner."

"Those six Staff Officers who all went out to buy cough lozenges for one pretty typist?"

BY the way, that famous war-dog, Bunch, the only Pekinese at the Front, has taken unto himself a child-wife—the divinest thing in fluffy puppies—who answers to the name of Blanche, and above a silky coat of incredible softness shows a face that'll set H.-Q. "dithering" as surely as that other beauty's—

> . . . The face that launch'd a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

At the scene of war dogs must be—and, indeed, are—a great relief from the awful human realities; and I had no difficulty in believing the story of the gas officer who said he got quite a lot of applications for "a gas mask for my dog, please."

卐 卐

IT was the same officer who told me how the horses hated their gas-masks. The poor darlings, it seems, imagine it's some new American invention for chasing the elusive oat, and the whole time they are wearing it are constantly tossing their heads trying to shake from the edge of the bag the oat they imagine must rest there. The regimental goat has also in his day been a candidate for a gas-bag—but it doesn't depress him as it does the dogs who, paws hanging dejectedly, are invariably the picture of misery throughout the ordeal.

"More war weddings than ever"

卐 卐

REMINDS me, always a *vile* month, this January's been the very horridest yet, what with the unending bother about food and the beastly weather. And not on land only, but also by sea, where the first months of the year are always the awfullest

(*Continued on page 186*)

Don'ts for Nervous Subs

Don't make an appointment at a Government office at lunch-time

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

and the hardest of all. There's been a big dust-up at the Admiralty as, of course, you know, and, though someone's called them "mostly paper changes," we're hoping lots from them, and, anyway, they say Sir Eric Geddes (unlike certain other important personages) has no respect for persons—even though such persons are covered in tabs or lace for miles. Which ought to give youth and brains and push a chance even at the Admiralty, what?

卐 卐

TALKING of sea affairs, the Gothas don't seem to have been having the time of their lives, since, say, Christmas, do they? And if it weren't for that old Censor man I could tell you some lovely tales, I could, about some air adventures. Meantime, on the subject of the Senior Service—of whom, by the way, the story's told that when a distinguished Naval officer asked for a seat at St. Paul's for the recent big thanksgiving service, he was informed: "We have some seats for the Army, but we know nothing about the Navy"—I've just received this little glimpse from Canada.

卐 卐

"DEAR BLANCHE," writes a girl whose husband-to-be gave his life for England at Jutland, "you are a brick; you always write so nicely about the boys in blue. It's too bad how some people *will* make use of that horrid remark, 'What is the Navy doing?' In this part of the world the Senior Service is not thought half enough of. I suppose it's because they see so little of it, but if some of the grumblers could do one night-watch only in the North Sea they might not think the Navy had such a cushy job."

卐 卐

AH, but they would, dear cousin in Canada, they would! For most people are so stupid that even experience don't teach 'em. And, of course, there is this to say on the side of the grousers—in a changing world everything must change, even the Navy, and the Naval go-aheads themselves agree, you know, that a little more going with the times, and a little less stone-wall conservatism, wouldn't be a bad thing even for that marvel of the seas, our Navy.

卐 卐

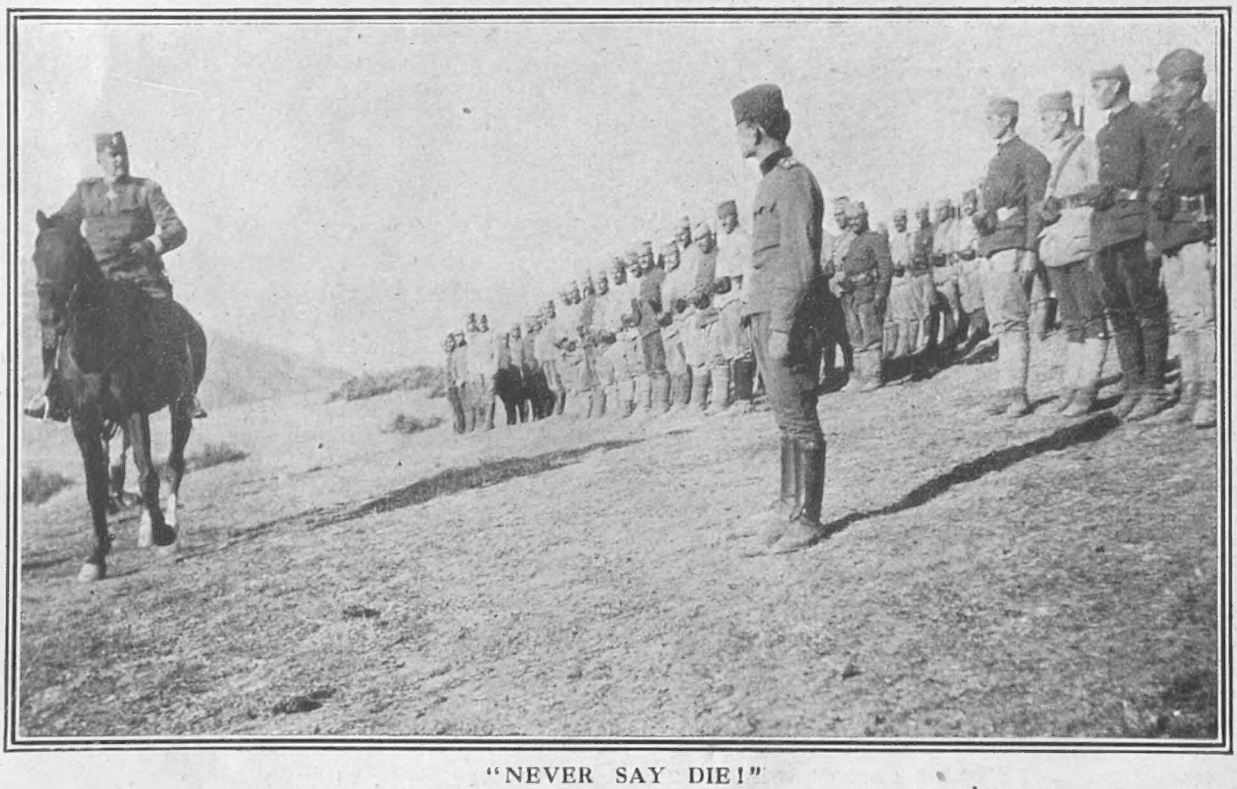
ONE I know, even goes so far as to want to abolish Osborne and Dartmouth, and let the sailor man be educated like other men—at a public school. Then they'd know something of the world. In these days, with England an island no longer, if there's one pose above all others which doesn't *pay* it's the one of haughty seclusion, or even the most modest form of conscious superiority.

卐 卐

BY the way, will the very nice Bouncing Babe of the Bounding Blue who wrote so very appealingly for my address forgive me if I don't send it? You see—well, you know what men are, don't you? What is it they say in one of the revues—give 'em an inch and they take a week-end? And, as Helen puts it, "we don't want Blanche queues as *well* as butter and bacon and margarine ones, do we? Pity to overdo a fashion."

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

P.S.—I am asked to tell everyone that if they want to see a *real* pukka show from the trenches—"not a tentative illustration of war, nor a kindly entertainment of Tommy, but Tommy's home-made entertainment of himself"—they should go this week to the Court Theatre and see the Diamond Troupe, which is a pierrot troupe recruited from the ranks of that Division—the gallant 29th—which has done some of the most strenuous fighting of the war. The object of the show is the Benevolent Fund of this Division—and they deserve it.



"NEVER SAY DIE!"

The Serbians, despite their disasters, show an unconquerable spirit. Our photograph shows General Vassitch, who commands the First Serbian Army, addressing a group of his men

Brobdingnagian Boiler as Billet

Official Photographs

Quite a novelty in billets is shown in the above photographs from the Western Front. But no doubt tired men find it comfortable enough inside; and, anyway, there wouldn't be any draughts—unless it's a canteen!

"Somewhere in Flanders"

WAR IN ALL ITS ASPECTS

My Dear Bystander—

There has been some liveliness in our local French hospital since the arrival of N'Guelé Sedié, a simple child of Timbuctoo. He was admitted last week with a shell splinter in the shin-bone and bore his fate with admirable fortitude until the X-rays artist put in a stealthy appearance with his mysterious box of tricks. The sight of the white man's magic box, with the sinister expression of the operator as a background, was altogether too much for N'Guelé Sedié, who, under the impression that an evil spirit was about to be foisted gratuitously upon him, broke out into such a flood of lamentation, supported by such a hurricane of rude language in his mother tongue, that the whole ward as one man expressed the firm and irrevocable ultimatum that, unless at least a pint of chloroform was poured down the man's throat forthwith, they would take up their beds and walk to the next hospital.

"*Du courage, N'Guelé,*" implored the Sister as the unhappy man for the forty-seventh time called upon Allah to visit his wrath upon the X-rays operator, "*Du courage, mon petit. Pense donc; demain on t' enlévera ta balle et tu l'auras comme souvenir pour toute la vie. Voilà!*"

The announcement of this splendid news acted like magic. Gone in a flash was the phantom of the evil spirit and a huge smile of delight broke out across the patient's grief-stained countenance.

"*Un gri-gri*" he cried excitedly. "*Mettera à mon cou. N'Guelé jamais malade, jamais tué!*"

But when the following morning the operating surgeon, after lengthy probings, announced that the splinter was embedded in a muscle and could on no account be extracted, the helpless Sister's consternation was pitiful to witness. What would N'Guelé do without his gri-gri? It must be had at all costs!

So being a young lady of resource, she had no difficulty in obtaining a small bit of shell from an obliging *poilu* and the same day the delighted N'Guelé Sedié was toying with his gri-gri as a mother with her puling babe.

* *

PASSED BY CENSOR

HIS WAY OF SAVING

"'Ullo, Jock! Been in to buy War Loan?"
"No; I've just been fillin' ma fountain pen!"

But the heart of Mamadon Yoro (at the other end of the ward) waxed black with envy; for Allah in his wisdom had willed that a bullet should pass through the fleshy part of Mamadon's leg and continue lightly on its way. There was no gri-gri for Mamadon Yoro. And so it came about that in the still watches of one winter's night a figure, black as a ton of coal, might have been seen creeping with the stealth of a panther in the direction of the unconscious N'Guelé. . . .

A raucous cry as if some spirit in hell had fallen down the chimney followed by a sharp crack suggesting the sudden contact of a block of wood with the human cranium, and the murky figure of Mamadon Yoro closely followed by the equally murky form of N'Guelé Sedié, whizzed across the ward amid a heavy barrage of tables, basins, and hospital furniture generally.

But the gri-gri was never recovered, even threats of castor oil to be administered three times daily, failing to extract a confession from the grinning Mamadon.

Wondrous indeed are the dispensations of Allah!

The following morning, when dressing N'Guelé's wound, the astonished Sister discovered that the violent exercise on the part of the patient had shifted the splinter from the muscle into the dressing, and so now both N'Guelé Sedié and Mamadon Yoro have got their gri-gri and all is perfect peace once more.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

"Lead, Kindly Light . . ."

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Yes, I know the road's rotten; but I'm sure this habit of Sec.-Lieut. Smith's of finding his way back to billets with his private repeating Verey pistol (that his aunt sent him) will lead to trouble"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

NO MORE CAKES!

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"One may buy the little *gateaux* and take them away"

MES AMIS—

How it is difficult now to arrange one's life. One plans, and then the Government makes a new law. It was so when I invited this week my friends to take tea at my favourite *pâtisserie*. On the day Monsieur the Minister who is to see that we do not eat too much decided to suppress all cakes in the tea shops, and so we had to eat sandwiches.

⁂

HE is very clever, Monsieur the Minister. He knows so well that when one eats cakes one is very extravagant. There are so many beautiful things to taste, and one forgets that now in war-time they cost eight and ten *sous*. So one eats two, three, ever so many and pays sadly afterwards. Monsieur thought if the Paris ladies must pay first they will not eat so many. So he made the law that one may buy the little *gâteaux* and take them away but may not eat them in the *pâtisserie*. It is funny how the men who used to go for *gâteaux* do not come any longer. They are too shy to do as the girls and carry them out of the shop and eat them in the street. Soon, they say, we will have no cakes at all.

⁂

THERE are so many new laws. It is our M. Clemenceau who is so active. He has made many curious taxes. If one takes dinner at a restaurant *de luxe*, where the prices are high, one will be taxed ten per hundred. It is like this: If the addition is fifty francs, one will pay fifty-five francs and the five francs will go to the *défense nationale*.

"Lighted a big new pipe"

IT is a good law and there are others. If one buys a hat of more than 150 francs, one will be taxed four sous, and if one buys a motor car, which is a great luxury, one must pay a whole additional tenth part of its price to the country.

⁂

IT is so that our Government is being strict, and now it has called to the flag the boys who have eighteen years. How every one is sad for them except themselves. They have gone so gaily, these little *bleuets*, singing their songs to the *casernes* where they will be made into strong *poilus*.

⁂

THERE was my cousin Marcel, who has just eighteen years. He wished to be volunteer last year, but his father forbade. He is a colonel, his father, and he said: "Petit Marcel, for me I shall be glad, but for your mother that is something else. You are the last. Wait, then, your turn. It is enough that

(*Continued on page 192*)

WHAT? NO FAT?

BY MARCEL PONCIN

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

Georges and Emile are gone and Jaques is on his ship."

✲

Now it is already the turn of Marcel, who was a little boy when the war began. He says that he will go in the aviation, and already he dreams himself an ace. *Mes Amis,* in England many times I have heard your Monsieurs say "Oh, yes! like very well the French girls—they are ripping—but I have not any use for the French men and the boys! Then you would make a *moue*. But what say you now, Messieurs, of the French boy? You do not find him so bad. I think you would not now make a *moue*.

✲

It was the day that many of them joined their *caserne* that I went to Malmaison on the tramway. In the next carriage there were eight poor little *bleuets*, but they were so gay. They cheered to the people in the streets and sang songs. There was one who sang loudest who was always out of tune. But when the tram came near the *caserne* they did not sing so gay. One made a joke and they all laughed and then they were quiet. A little one lighted a big new pipe to show that he was a big man.

✲

When the tram stopped by the *caserne*, they stood and looked at the gate. There were two sentries with their long bayonets there, and the poor boys stood close together to keep themselves brave. "*Allons!*" said one at last, and they marched to the gate like old soldiers of the famous regiments.

✲

Now we talk and think only of what the Boche goes to try on the front here in France. At our tea-parties, we all say at once where the attack will be, and we all say different. One will say: "But my Georges says it will be in Alsace"; and Madame Lesouches, who pretends that her husband is so important because he is *chef de bureau* at one of the Ministries, will say: "Monsieur Lesouches is certain that it will be in Champagne. Mark you, how it is Monsieur Lesouches who says that!"

"Madame Lesouches, who pretends"

Then little Madame Nourry, who is married to Monsieur Nourry this summer, will say: "Oh, Chère Madame, Monsieur Lesouches knows so well, does he not? But, Mon Dieu! how I hope he is wrong, because Monsieur Nourry is in Champagne." When everyone has said what someone else has heard, and the conversation is all mix up, then there arrives that Lucile, who has been quite calm, will say: "It will be again for the Boche a Verdun. He will arrive never at Paris."

"A so fat lady with two dogs"

✲

Now everyone agrees to that. "*Jamais! Jamais!*" they say together, and they discuss how magnificent is the work of the English; how well our *poilus* are provisioned. One will say: "There will not this time be need to go to Bordeaux," and they all laugh a little because they are not very proud to remember how they all hurried when the Boche came to the Marne.

✲

But for me, when there is so much talk, I feel glad that the Government is severe and has stopped our cakes. It is so little a sacrifice to make when the days are dreadful with the rain and the cold, like this one is, and one remembers you who make a great barricade between our Paris and the Boche.

✲

There was once when I was not so *démocrate* as now. But yesterday I was so pleased. At the Galleries, when I came out, there was a beautiful motor car arrived with a footman and the chauffeur. Inside was a so fat lady with two dogs, and when she began to get out so many people crowded round. They did not say much but just stood close together round the *auto de luxe*.

✲

The fat lady did not at first understand, but the footman said to her she must go back, and when they drove away the people cheered. But I do not think she will again soon drive in town in her so splendid motor-car.

Your friend,

Agnès.

Flora Fights for Freedom

SERGEANT-MAJOR FLORA SANDES

A plucky Irishwoman, has fought for two years in the ranks of the Serbian army, and gained the Cross of Karageorge, the highest distinction to which the Serbian soldier can aspire. She was badly wounded in the fighting near Monastir; and on her leave in this country has been collecting funds for the Serbian wounded. Our picture shows her playing chess with one of her comrades

Shrapnel Pars

IF the authorities had taken over the British Museum all the relics of antiquity and by-gone days would, naturally, have been stored in the War Office.

COME to our Brest," as Kulhmann said to Trotsky when the latter suggested going to Stockholm.

WE have heard it asked why a skinned rabbit is to cost less than one in its fur. Well, the skin is a guarantee of good faith, isn't it?

"NEVER say dye," as a contemporary remarked on discovering some apple-green in its eye.

CAMOUFLAGE is all the rage just now. For instance, our joint last Sunday looked just like an old-fashioned chop. It might have deceived anyone.

THE L.C.C. language classes have re-opened for the season. And quite right too! What with lady chauffeurs and 'bus-conductors, language is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

THE Huns can hardly be blamed for threatening to shoot air-pilots who drop copies of President Wilson's speech on German soil. After all, it's the only answer they have got.

PERSONAL insults continue to be hurled at the American President by the Boche Press, this being the one kind of "German offensive" in which the enemy can still count on assured success.

ON the securing by England of valuable German dye-secrets, we hail the first British victory of the "commercial war." Not a bad start either, this smart capture of the enemy's colours!

"THE Germans," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "must lie on the bed which they have made for themselves." Afraid they will find the restriction a bit irksome, after having so long been accustomed to lie all over the world.

BEYOND HIS POWERS

"'Overstayed your leave,' says the sergeant. 'What's your name?' 'I am Macgillivray, frae Ecclefechan,' says I. 'There'll be no charge,' says he, laying down his pen. Mon, Jock, it's a guid thing that English sergeants canna spell!"

"LET me have people about me who can smile," pleads Sir Leo Money. Well, most pepole are ready enough to smile when Money talks.

HAVING chuckled consumedly at the irrepressible Henson in *Yes, Uncle!* the dear old lady composed her features and remarked that, though he was very amusing, she quite agreed with the people who were saying that he was not quite the right sort of man to be made a bishop.

CERTAIN good folk seem a bit scandalised by a suggestion from the Bench that any of our heroes who have committed bigamy should have specially lenient treatment. The difficulty seems to us to lie in the obvious fact that all bigamists *are* heroes.

AN indignant correspondent of a daily paper has discovered that some of the clerks in Government offices take two hours to lunch. Well, but—hang it all!—poor "Cuthbert" must get through his working day *somehow!*

THE NO Margarine is an invaluable brand, This trade mark has in the last few weeks been more extensively advertised than any other.

"THERE is nothing the working classes object to more," says Mr. Kellaway, "than the kind of people who 'take an interest in them.'" Unless, of course, it be the people who take a profit from them.

EVEN at the record price of sixpence, an egg should be an economical meal in these days, if there is anything in the proverbial theory that "*un œuf* is as good as a feast."

A DISTINGUISHING mark of the Pan-German swashbuckler is said to be the wearing of a monocle in the left eye. Isn't the sinister outlook of the creature pronounced enough without this adventitious aid?

Consolation

PASSED BY CENSOR

PADRE (to Irish batman, who is holding up each bottle to the light to see if there's any left): "It's all right, Pat. They're all dead ones"

PAT: "Well, sorr, it's a comfort to know they all av thim had the praste with thim when they was dying"

THE MAN WITHO

UT A WAR BOND

BY WILMOT LUNT

SLEEPING PARTNERS AT THE ST MARTIN'S

ACT I. MR SEYMOUR HICKS ASSURES MISS MADGE LESSING HE WOULD NOT DREAM OF MAKING LOVE TO HER

AND CONTINUES HIS ASSURANCES IN ACT II

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THUS is the old, old story of the eternal triangle retold with an amazing freshness and no little humour by the happy genius of Mr. Seymour Hicks. There are three characters—He, She, and the husband. In most stories of the kind the preliminary wooing is either dispensed with or discreetly abbreviated; but here the whole thing is done on a system. All the cards are on the table, and there is no deception. Mr. Hicks conducts the enterprise personally with a thoroughness and attention to detail that leave nothing to be desired. With a fine fervour that is, of course, not to be taken seriously, He pleads with Her, coaxes Her, and chaffs Her with playful banter. Now and then, in the ardour of his passion, He reaches out his hands to take Her to his arms; but puts the break on just in time; then He leans forward as though to kiss Her, and halts, as it were, on the threshold, remembering, perhaps, that one must not be too previous in these delicate little matters for fear of queering the pitch.

*

SHE and the husband call at his flat. He is not in for the moment, but is expected shortly. The husband cannot wait long as he has an urgent appointment with an Argentine banker, who appears to be sadly identical with the sick aunt, over whom, before the war, at least, dutiful nephews would keep vigil for an entire week-end at Brighton. Presently the husband's patience gives out, and he leaves his wife to pay the ceremonial call, and hurries out to meet the Argentine banker. Then He bursts on the scene with an overwhelming flood of small talk, and She listens entranced, like, so to speak, the bird that is fascinated by the snake. He cannot help adoring Her, She is so delightful, so unlike other women. He would not, of course, dare to go to the length of kissing Her, though there are moments when the distance of a hair's breadth would settle the job. All He asks is that, since Her husband will be away the following evening entertaining the Argentine banker, She will come and sit with him for two dear

(Continued on page 200)

MR STANLEY TURNBULL HAS DIFFICULTY IN PERSUADING MISS MADGE LESSING THAT THE APPOINTMENT, TO KEEP WHICH HE MUST LEAVE HER, IS A BUSINESS ONE

A Gaiety Favourite

Camera Study *Bertram Park*

MISS MOYA MANNERING

Whose beauty and charm delight the audiences at the Gaiety Theatre almost as much as her acting in that successful play "The Beauty Spot"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

MR SEYMOUR HICKS FAILS TO APPRECIATE THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION IN THE 3rd ACT.

delightful hours, and illuminate his common-place flat with Her divine presence. She says she will come, but She will not be able to stay long. I have sometimes thought that women must be born with this phrase in their mouths.

❀

On the following evening He is waiting at the flat for Her. She is due to arrive in a few minutes. To pass the time away he begins to picture Her on the way to the sweet assignation. Now She is putting a dab of powder on her nose. Now She is calling a taxi. Now She is speeding across through the streets crouched in a corner of the vehicle, a prey to all the apprehensions that beset the wicked who flee when none pursues. Now She must be at the door. Now She will ring. And so on. And the hour passes and she is not there. Perhaps She did not really mean to come. Oh, very well! After all, She is a very ordinary woman, while He cannot disguise from himself the fact that he is an unusually attractive man. There are others. Yet there is something about Her....

❀

He is telephoning to her when She comes at last. She is frightened and must go away again at once lest her absence from home at that late hour be discovered. Besides, She has a headache and is not feeling at all well. With the most tremendous sympathy in the world, He rushes to get Her smelling salts, sal volatile, anything, everything. A few drops in a glass of water, and the headache will go away and be sorry it came. She sips from the glass gratefully, and says She feels better. Then She yawns and admits to feeling drowsy; and presently with a happy smile that suggests that all is well with the world about her, She curls up on the sofa and falls fast asleep. He discovers that in the haste and confusion He has given her a sleeping draught. And as there is not much fun in continuing to address very soft nothings to a merely comatose companion, He gets a pillow and dozes in a chair beside her, and neither of them wakes for twelve hours. The third act shows the way out of the embarrassing situation. The husband, who also has not been home all night, calls at the flat for a few tips on the art of excusing that sort of thing to a not over-trustful wife, and thus, as it were, delivers himself into the enemy's hands. Miss Madge Lessing as the wife effaces herself generously to allow Mr. Hicks to monopolise the conversation; but the whirlwind methods of love-making hardly give her a chance to get a word in edgeways anyhow. The grip that Mr. Hicks maintains on his audience throughout is quite remarkable. JINGLE.

Photograph : *Stage Photographic Company*

A captivating scene showing Miss Ennis Parke and some of the "beauty chorus" in "Here and There," the very successful revue at the Empire

A Gas Alarm

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Well, well, Jarge, it be coming to summat now, when they be taking to driving these 'ere aeroplanes with gas!"

EDDIES of WAR

"AND THE NEXT?" BY DELL LEIGH

In the little west country fishing village whither Meredith had retired he had almost lost sight of the war. Except for *The Times*, which arrived after lunch, and not always then, there was no sight or sound of it. This was as well for Meredith, for picric acid gas had broken his constitution, and the R.A.M.C. on the Western Front knew him no more. "There is only one thing for you, my boy," the kindly specialist had said, "get right away to the west; get a bedroom with a balcony and sun, Carol Bay or somewhere, and give yourself a chance: your reflex actions tell me all *I* want to know." Meredith did as he was bid. The hotel was only possible in the winter. He pictured it in August, full to the billiard-room tables, noisy and awful—but now! The hotel had opened one floor only, as an act of grace for Meredith, for he was the only visitor; but for this he was thankful. Quiet was what he wanted. So he sat on the balcony hour after hour, working out the most difficult jig-saw puzzles that the club in London could provide, and was content.

❋ ❋

After a month he was better and felt the need of human speech. Of this there was none, save from Cribb, the manager, whose outlook on life seemed to be bounded by the rising price of fowls, and the club he *ought* to have taken at the tenth hole, when Marshal, the pro., had beaten him four up and three. Cribb found a new topic one night by announcing the arrival of another visitor—the next day. "Oh!" said Meredith, brightening. "Who is he?" Cribb didn't know, except that his name was Watson, and he was an invalid. Meredith frowned and retired to the jig-saw again. Mr. Watson had the next bedroom and balcony, and a most irritating cough. Meredith asked one or two polite questions of a technical nature, received short answers, and for days the two lone invalids avoided each other; but even two Englishmen cannot live together in splendid isolation indefinitely, and after a week they were friends in a desultory kind of way. Meredith noticed with practised eye that Watson showed none of the usual symptoms of phthisis, and one day he said: "I say, there's nothing much wrong with you, is there?" To which the other responded: "Nothing whatever, thanks," and laughed. "Then why the invalid stunt?" asked Meredith, rather nettled. "I've been overworked and want a rest; it's a safe thing to pretend you're sick, consumptive for choice, keeps people from bothering you." "Thanks," said Meredith, icily. "I didn't mean that, old chap; but you know people in hotels—such a bore as a rule; of course, I can't keep it up with you, you're a doctor. But, for instance, there are three foreigners arriving to-morrow—eh! didn't Cribb tell you? Mauratanians. Keep clear of them, they're a nuisance." "Never met any," yawned Meredith. "Haven't you? I should take a good look at them if I were you. We shall have to fight that nation one day, and we may as well know something about them; we don't know much at present."

"Rot," Meredith smiled. "We've nearly finished with this old war. . . . . "

"And the next?" interrupted Watson. "What of that? These Mauratanians are everywhere, all over London, in all the principal cities in the midlands and north, on the Clyde, at all the southern ports—here even; looking, studying, preparing."

"Why should they come *here*?" asked the amused Meredith.

"Oh, neat little wireless station, that," pointing to the bay. "You didn't know, perhaps, that the Admiralty are about to build a petrol storage dock here for submarines?"

"No," said Meredith; "how did you know?"

"Saw it in the paper somewhere," answered the other evasively. "It's no secret. But you can take it from me, those people want watching. They are the most patient race on earth, and one of the most ambitious, and the latter is the danger."

❋ ❋

The three foreigners arrived by the afternoon train. Watson ignored them utterly, but Meredith studied them covertly, and quickly found that they knew he was doing so. They all three came and sat very close to the two Englishmen in the lounge after dinner. They addressed a polite remark on the cold weather to Watson, who grunted, and promptly went to sleep before the fire. They then turned a mute attention to Meredith's jig-saw, murmuring to each other, and the evening passed unprofitably. They were out all the next day. So was Watson. After dinner they retired to their rooms early. Watson had gone to bed before dinner, telling Mrs. Cribb he had been "overdoing it." The next morning the three departed in a hired car for Bosmouth, thirty miles distant. Cribb announced that Mr. Watson had been recalled by wire to town, and the hotel was again empty. He added that the coastguard had seen Mr. Watson get right into the middle of some prickly furze on the cliff, yesterday, and stay there; he was afraid the poor fellow wasn't "quite all there." Where had the foreigners been? Oh! they went along the same path, the coastguard said, they didn't see Watson. It would have given them quite a turn; nice amiable gents, too!

Meredith's thoughts wandered to the cliffs—and Watson.

"That chap is not what he seems," he mused, "I believe he is shadowing those three foreigners, and knows all about them. If he wasn't such an ass, I should say he was a Secret Service man."

Watson was anything but an ass; and Meredith's surmise was perfectly correct.

Nightmares

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE TRAWLER-SKIPPER'S!

PAVÉ AND PROGRESSION

By Y. E. S.

IT all arose out of French pavé. Not that French pavé is to be credited with the production of anything in a Cyclist Company other than skids and curses. Necessity certainly fostered, if not mothered, the invention of Corporal Carolan's equation.

Pavé at its best is a little better than cobble stones, and a little worse than sets. Pavé which has been battered by the traffic and the shells of war is mildly exciting. Battered pavé buttered with greasy mud is demoralising. Buttered, battered pavé, with a buffeting wind thrown in, is a nightmare in the Cyclist's experience.

The C.O. rides in front—that is on such occasions as he feels energetic enough to brave the pavé and the elements. Behind him comes a long, wobbly, attenuated line of cyclists in single file. The line wears thin in places where a vicious skid demands time for recovery, and snaps altogether where a fantastic gyration has ended in a picturesque somersault. But the C.O. is unseeing. Nature has left to necessity, or to the Army Council, the task of inventing a cyclist C.O. adequately equipped with rearward optics.

But the C.O. sometimes contrives to see the Company when it is being led by someone else. On the last occasion he sent for Densmore the same evening.

"Densmore," he said, "the road discipline of the Company is hopeless."

"The pavé is hopeless," said Densmore.

("Road discipline," as applied to a cyclist company, is a sort of Christian Science doctrine used by C.O.'s for persuading themselves that skids, and spills, and wind, and other things don't really exist.)

"When they straggled through N—— to-day," pursued the C.O., "I was so ashamed of them I pretended they weren't mine by joining in the laugh against them."

"N—— is the worst bit of pavé for miles round. And with a side wind it is nothing to laugh at."

"I can't see where the difficulty comes in. I can manage it, why can't they?"

"You are in front. You'll find it's a different story if you are two hundredth man, instead of first."

"Densmore," said the C.O., "I want you to go out with the company for the next few days and see what you can do. Don't you lead, but just hover and look on. Report to me what faults you discover, and the cause, if possible."

"Do you want me to curse the fellows?" asked Densmore.

"Not unless you think they deserve it."

"I don't," said Densmore. "Pavé deserves it."

The company arrived at the place of its daily labours, next morning, more or less in one piece. It had been cut here and there in its sinuous length, it is true, like the worm which little Georgie chopped in pieces because it looked lonely for want of another worm to play with. But it had joined up again to some extent, as chopped worms are supposed to do if they get the chance.

Densmore, who was somewhat heated by the exercise of "hovering" on a cycle on greasy pavé, saw the men started at work, posted Corporal Carolan on the look out, and set himself to think over the report he should give the C.O.

"What the hell is the reason of it?" said Densmore, thinking aloud.

"Sir?" said Corporal Carolan.

"I said—no I didn't. I was only thinking."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"What did I say, Corporal?" asked Densmore. "You've made me lose the thread by interrupting."

"You wanted to know the reason for something, I think, sir," said the Corporal.

An inspiration visited Densmore's pavé-shaken brain. He remembered that Corporal Carolan had been a professor—or was it a school-teacher?—something learned, at any rate, in civilian days. He might help to solve the problem, which was no longer a mere question of pavé.

"Corporal Carolan," he said, "how is it that in a long column of Cyclists the difficulty of keeping decent order and regular distance gets greater and greater the further back you go?"

"If you have ever ridden in the rear of the company, sir," said the Corporal, "you know what it is like."

"It's not like—it's simply hell. I know, for I've been there—in the rear of the company, that is."

"Possibly you're right, sir."

"But look here, Carolan, if it gets worse and worse, it must be in some kind of progression—the things in Algebra, I mean—or perhaps the Binomial Theorem has something to do with it."

"I don't think so, sir," said the Corporal.

Densmore caught him smiling.

"What are you laughing at?" he said. "It's deadly serious. The C.O. is always in front, and even he admits it isn't pure joy. He knows nothing of what it is like in the rear. I've got to prove to him by mathematics—or something—that the job of the Cyclist gets harder and harder the further back he is in the column—that is, you've got to prove it. You were in school more lately than I was. Besides, if you want to go back to your job when the war is over it's as well to keep your hand in."

Corporal Carolan, it seems, would not promise as to results, but would try. His look-out job was not an exacting one, and he spent some hours with a note-book in hand, alternately gazing into the heavens and jotting down, apparently, meteorological observations—for the sky was empty of aeroplanes. Densmore and he had a further consultation before the company knocked off.

When Densmore got back to the billets that evening he was busy for some time preparing his report. It was shortly before mess when he handed it to the C.O. Here it is:—

Formula giving ratio of time required to adjust pace of a column of Cyclists when the leader changes the pace—also giving the distance lost by a man at any given point in the column before he can begin to adjust the new pace.

(Note:—On mud-buttered, war-battered pavé the pace is constantly inconstant—i.e., invariably varying.)

r. = rate of leader in miles per hour.
p. = increase of rate in miles per hour.
t. = average time required by each man to adjust to new pace.
m. = number of men in column.

then $t(m-1)$ = time required by last man to adjust to new pace.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 206)

Belgian Landscapes and Interiors

The explosion of a German shell amongst some ruined farm-buildings just behind the Belgian front trenches

In the little cottage of a poor Flanders peasant sits a mother with her child, both of them wearing the gas-masks which are an absolute necessity for everybody within reach of the mephitic vapours of the Hun

"PAVÉ AND PROGRESSION" (*concluded*)

The time required by any given man to adjust to new pace increases therefore in arithmetical progression—backwards (front to rear).

Also $-t(m-1)(p+r)$ = distance lost by last man before he can begin to adjust to new pace.

Calling this X, we have the equation $X = t(m-1)(p+r)$.

Example:—

Let r = 6 miles per hour.
p = 3 miles per hour.
m = 201
t = 10 seconds (estimated) = 1/360 hours.

then

$X = 1/360\ (201-1)\ (3+6) = 1/360 \times 200 \times 9 = 5$ miles.

The distance lost by the last man of a Cyclist Company before he can begin to adjust to the new pace is 5 miles.

Corollaries:—

1. The elasticity of a Cyclist Company varies directly with the increase of pace.
2. The last man of a Cyclist Company requires the perseverance of the tortoise in order to get there.
3. The C.O. of a Cyclist Company must copy the hare if he wishes to see the last man again.
4. A Cyclist Company cannot afford to move upon its stomach.
5. A Cyclist Company is mostly somewhere else when it arrives.

"There's a fallacy somewhere," said the C.O., when he had studied the report long and carefully.

"I challenge you to find it—with any help you like to call in."

Densmore was prepared to back his corporal schoolteacher against all the dons of Oxford.

"I can't see the fallacy, I admit," said the C.O., "but it is obviously absurd."

"It would be, if the company gave in to mathematical verities," said Densmore. "But this Company licks Algebra—as it will lick the Huns. Otherwise you would have lost it long ago, by miles, and miles, and miles."

Y. E. S.

Better than Bicycles!

Since the French Front has been snow-bound, especially in Alsace, sleighs are being largely used to get the rations of the "poilus" up to the front

The THRESHER
and its new interlining

A STRIKING and a welcome improvement is this—the one improvement possible in the coat that has created a tradition, that is worn by over 20,000 British officers, that was officially recommended first winter of the war as the most practical and efficient over-garment for active service.

The New 'Melcam' Interlining

is exclusive to the "Thresher." It has none of the drawbacks of oiled-silk, for it cannot harden and cannot crack; and neither tempest nor torrent can penetrate it.

Perfect protection and thorough ventilation.

Thresher Trench Coat, unlined **£4 14 6**
Trench Coat, with detachable "Kamelcott" lining **£6 6 0**
Cavalry type, with knee flaps and saddle gusset, **15/6** extra.

Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid any delay enclose cheque or trade reference with order.

Send for Book 8, the Complete Guide to Expenditure on Kit and Equipment.

Scottish Agents:
WM. ANDERSON & SONS, Ltd.
14, George Street, EDINBURGH,
& 106, Hope Street, GLASGOW.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

THRESHER & GLENNY,
Estab. 1755, Estab. 1755.
152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

Government Girls

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE Government girl is a war-time creation, and her official home is in Whitehall, and the dinky little official buildings thereabouts, where war-work is done in a hurry. In answer to her country's call, or something of that sort, she has flung herself eagerly into the dull routine of a Government office, very properly resolved to do her dashedest in the good cause. And now some horridly plain-spoken man comes forward to say all sorts of unkind things about her. In effect, this dreadful person alleges that Government girls are being scandalously overpaid for the little they do, and, furthermore, that they are appointed off-hand without any previous business training, so that they are really quite unsuited for their jobs.

❀

THIS seems to me to be hardly chivalrous. After all, the Government girl is only replacing the Government man of yore, and I don't remember anybody writing to the papers before the war to say that he was an overpaid and incompetent chap. In my callow youth I spent a few years myself in the Civil Service, but I do not think I was tremendously impressed by the abilities of the officials with whom I was associated. As a matter of fact, most Government clerks are overpaid for the work they do, and it doesn't seem quite sporty to drag the fact into the limelight just because they happen to be girls. Why should the feminine occupant of what the French call the *rond de cuir* be expected to give better value for the money than the male of the species?

❀

WHEN the plain-spoken person, however, deplores the fact that the Government girl has had no previous business training, I for one can readily appreciate his subtle humour. The idea that business methods would be of any use in Whitehall is distinctly funny. A few years ago a dreadfully energetic man of business was appointed to the Presidency of an important Government Department. He learned that the office hours were from ten till four, and in his simple and homely way he turned up punctually at ten o'clock in the morning to take up his duties. When his staff arrived about half an hour later, he took the liberty of suggesting to them that, as they were being paid for six hours' work, they ought to put that much in. The staff went away with the settled conviction that the new President was a frightfully ill-bred person.

❀

AS to the charge that the Government girl is engaged at random without any proper inquiry as to her fitness for the job, is not that strictly according to precedent? In the old days, when the Government wanted a clerk they set him a few trick questions in history and geography, and the three R's, and if he answered them correctly he got his job for a permanency. Perhaps they would have done very much better if they had selected their man at random.

❀

AFTER all, the best place in which to learn about the business of an office is in the office itself. If the Government girl is willing to learn, as no doubt she is, it does not seem to me that it matters at all if she should be unable to say off-hand what is the capital of Mongolia, or what was the name of Henry VIII's fifth wife. A senior clerk in the Civil Service once told me that though he understood that Brindisi was a fairly important place, he had been unable to find it marked on his map of France. I should have been surprised if it had been marked there; but of course, on such occasions, one sympathises politely with one's chief.

THE OLD GASPARD AND THE NEW HOARD

"Ha—ha! Matches! All mine, mine, mine!"

Always Welcome

A cream that gives a brilliant polish instantly, that needs only a modest application and a hasty rub to procure the most lasting and brilliant polish—that is Lutetian. Invaluable for all brown footwear, leggings, belts, &c.

A soldier writes from the Front—"Will you please send a bottle of Lutetian Cream to me as quickly as possible. I cannot work without your most brilliant cream."

Lutetian Cream

Made in four shades—Light, dark, extra dark, and Toney Red. Keeps leather soft and supple, prevents it from drying and cracking. Economical because so little is required in use. It is the best of polishes for all brown leather, just as

Meltonian Cream

is the best for black. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, send for nearest retailer's address to

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd.,
7, GARRICK STREET, LONDON.

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Khaki Shirts

A COMFORTABLE SHIRT makes all the difference on Active Service, as is soon learnt, and this detail deserves more than casual consideration when purchasing equipment. Health value, durability, comfort and unshrinkability—all are qualities to be considered—and are embodied in **'Viyella.'**

It does not thicken or shrink, neither does it irritate when worn next to the skin; it is superior to the ordinary flannels in that it readily absorbs and radiates away the moisture of the body, and thus obviates chills through variations of bodily heat or outside temperatures. **'Viyella'** also retains its delightful softness, stands rough usage, and looks well all the time.

OF HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

If unable to obtain, write for name of nearest or most suitable Retailer to the Manufacturers:—
Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1

"Before you set to work on your new duties, please take this Cameron Pen. There's nothing in my firm that isn't up-to-date—machinery or men. We save our time by every method that we can—and not the least of helps to us is the Cameron Safety Self-filler. It's light to hold, pleasant to use, writes rapidly and smoothly, has a nib to suit each style of writing, and is simplicity itself to fill. No hunting for fillers or special ink-bottles—you simply dip it into any ink-bottle—dress the bars, and it's instantly ready for service again. The Cameron *saves your time and temper—it saves me money*. And so be sure you always use a Cameron Pen."

Cameron Safety Self Fillers — With Waverley, Hindoo, "J," Bankers, and Normal Nibs, 15s. From all Stationers and Macniven & Cameron, Ltd., Waverley Pen Works, Birmingham. London: 30, Shoe Lane, E.C. 4. Edinburgh: 23, Blair Street. Glasgow: 13, West Regent Street. Paris: Kirby, Beard & Co., Ltd., 5, Rue Auber. — Cameron Safety Self Fillers

"Nothing counts but EFFICIENCY"

Confound It!

These Instructions differ from the Original!

and the particulars are all blurred and indistinct!

DO you hear such complaints in your office? If you use K & J Carbotyp never a word of complaint on this score would be heard It may sound wonderful, yet one has only to see K & J Carbotyp working to appreciate that it is not magic, but a simple device well employed

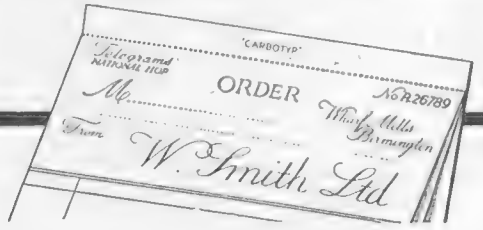
At one typing, two — three — four — any number of departmental instructions can be completed; every copy is clean and accurate, and all additions or corrections appear on each Carbotyp is one of the K & J Ideals that make the individual efficient, and so help toward the Efficiency of the Nation

Call at the nearest K & J Show Room, and we will explain how Carbotyp will help you

Kenrick & Jefferson Ltd

London 22 St Andrew St **Holborn Circus E C 4**

BIRMINGHAM *20 Temple Street*
CARDIFF *5 Church Street*
LEEDS *82 Albion Street*
LEICESTER *Corridor Chambers Market Pl*
LIVERPOOL *30 Castle Street*
MANCHESTER *7 Blackfriars Street*
NEWCASTLE *St Nicholas Square*
SHEFFIELD *28 Change Alley*
SWANSEA *3-5 Goat Street*
BELFAST *Scottish Provident Buildings*
GLASGOW *Donegall Square 166 Buchanan Street*



No. 288—**PIGSKIN CIGARETTE CASE**, to hold 30 cigarettes .. **0 12 6**
No. 289—Ditto, superior quality, lined pigskin **1 2 6**
No. 290—Ditto, cigarette case and tobacco pouch **0 17 6**

No. 283—Nickel silver-plated inside, non-corrosive, screw top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1¾ pints **£1 5 0**
No. 284—Do. with leather cradle carrier ... **£1 10 0**
No. 285—Do Regulation pattern, concaved, 2¼ pints **£1 12 6**

HAVERSACK. Extra large and strong, made from an officer's design.. ... ... **17/6**
No. 281—Do. with Leather Base ... **23/6**
Detachable Sling. **2/6** extra.

Postage Inland 6d., to B.E.F. 1/6 extra. Send for **NEW** *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY,
By Appointment to H.M. the King.
185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.I.

FRESH AIR

and change of scene form a great incentive to recovery, and by providing your wounded friend or relative with an

Allwin Folding Carriage

you place at his disposal the most comfortable means of obtaining these advantages.

Light and strong, and so compact when folded, it is an ideal chair for home or hospital, and has met with universal commendation from Doctors, Nurses, Nursing Homes and Convalescent Centres.

It is priced at the moderate figure of **£3 7s. 6d.**, and we will send you all other details free.

SIDWAY ALLWIN, LTD.,
43, Sidway Works, Sidway St., Birmingham.

MARKET NOTES FOR 1918

Books *of the* Week

The Tree of Heaven

A WAR-NOVEL quite in the front rank is May Sinclair's *The Tree of Heaven* (Cassell: 6*s.* net). It is impossible to resist saying that the book is a sort of Mrs. Britling. The Harrisons live in Hampstead—Frances and her husband and their four children. You are shown these children growing up in those far-away days when war was not, and you wonder into what sort of man Michael (who can play best by himself) will turn. When the war comes, Nicky, of course, goes at once. He ought to have been a professional soldier. Dorothy recovers from the effects of the suffragette campaign—how oddly these chapters read to-day, yet they are vividly true—and is sane once again. But Michael is publishing his poems. The war has come, it almost seems to him, for the express purpose of interfering with his life. Even when the Irish editor of the only review that matters goes, and Michael takes his place and works sixteen hours a day to keep the flag of literature flying, nobody seems to be satisfied. He is still tacitly expected to go and fight. Nothing shall ever be allowed to make him go, but when Nicky is killed he goes soon enough. Rather relentlessly Miss Sinclair, who has seen the horrors of war for herself, shows you Michael's cheery letters from France only to bring a lump into your throat when the news of his death comes to the old people in Hampstead. And she is still relentless on the last page of all when Baby John, the last of the boys, who had been repeatedly refused by the doctors, salutes gaily enough in his smart uniform and goes off.... It is a fine, moving book, such as few women could have written, and shows how well the writer deserves her high reputation.

A Nursery Club

MR. P. C. WREN'S admirers, and especially the readers of his *Dew and Mildew*, will be glad to hear that there are just published more chronicles of the Junior Curlton Club of Karabad, India. *The Young Stagers* (Longmans: 5*s.* net) contains a baker's dozen of stories about this very junior club of the nursery, of which the fair and priceless Boodle is the President, and the valiant Ficcie the necessary Vice. You may think that these two children are rather too old for their age, but children can be wonderfully clever when they care to let themselves go, and with the help of Pte. Bob 'All and Buster, the subaltern, they learn about many things of which English children generally and unfortunately remain in ignorance. As a result their nursery adventures are splendiferous. And if you go to Karabad and have the honour of being introduced to them as a temporary member of the Club, be sure that you talk Tosh and not Funny-dog, or Boodle will not approve of you. What the precise difference between these two may be you must find out by reading this most charming and all-too-short book. R. S.

EASTBOURNE
DEVONSHIRE PARK
ORCHESTRA

THIRTY-SIX PERFORMERS.
Musical Director: NORFOLK MEGONE

Symphony and Popular Concerts

Theatre, Vaudeville, and other Entertainments Daily

THE WINTER GARDEN, DEVONSHIRE PARK, WHERE THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS DAILY.

Full Particulars from EDGAR ALLAN BROWN, *Devonshire Park, Eastbourne.*

Edwards & Sons

(of Regent St.) Ltd

161 & 159, Regent Street

London, W. Tel. Gerrard 4581.

Lady's polished Morocco Dressing Case, lined antique moire silk, fitted entirely square edge Sterling Silver, with 8-day Clock, lever movement.

18 × 14 × 6 ins. deep

£48 : 10 : 0

Best quality and finish throughout.

"THE HOUSE FOR DRESSING CASES."

Catalogue post free on application.

Woollands "Quality" Sale

Final Remnants Jan. 24, 25, 26.

LAST WEEK

SALE ENDS ON SATURDAY, January 26.

Natural Fur Undercoats for winter driving, fur inside, very warm and serviceable Brown Caracul or Gib Cat

Special Reduction **4½ gns.**

Selected Leopard Cats **7½ gns.**

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD.,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
LONDON, S.W.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF TOILET SOAPS

Its bland mellow lather cleanses, refines and purifies the skin, and enhances the beauty of the complexion.

The delightful perfume it gives forth—the delicate Old World fragrance of the choicest Lavender—is a revelation, and is so rich and abundant that it lingers on the person and about the room long after use.

Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

Box of 3 Large Tablets 2/6

From all high-class Chemists and Stores and from

YARDLEY & CO. LTD

8 New Bond Street, London W 1

The Friend of Man

French Official Photograph

Like his brother of the Mount of St. Bernard, the war-dog has other activities than those of a sentry or a despatch-carrier. Many a wounded soldier, lying out of sight and too weak to call for help, owes his life to the remarkable and unerring instinct of such a dog as is shown in our picture

THE BURBERRY

Weatherproof Topcoat

for Cavalry, Infantry, Motor, or Naval Service

for over 28 years has been recognised as the ideal safeguard for Soldiers, Sportsmen, Explorers and all who brave the elements under the severest and roughest conditions.

THE BURBERRY has been worn and appreciated in campaigns the world over by Officers of all ranks and arms. Its material formed the principal standby of Sir Ernest Shackleton for resisting the intense cold of the Antarctic in all his expeditions.

THE BURBERRY relies for its effective weather-resistance on special systems of weaving, proofing and combining its materials, without having recourse to rubber, oiled-silk or other air-tight fabrics.

Officers' Complete, Military, Naval, or Air Kits in 2 to 4 days, or Ready to Put On.

Illustrated Naval or Military Catalogue Post Free

Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry Label.

BURBERRYS' 1918 SALE
During January
Special Offer of Military Short-Warms, lined fur, usually 9, 10 and 12 gns., now 4, 5 and 6 gns., and Service Great-Coats, usually 6 gns., now 3½ gns.
Full SALE CATALOGUE sent on request.

Officers' Burberry Weather-proofs cleaned and re-proofed FREE OF CHARGE.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON S.W. 1

8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS ; Basingstoke and Provincial Agents.

The Burberry Weatherproof.

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

THE CAMPAIGN

MAPPIN'S famed Campaign Watch was first used in great numbers at Omdurman and again during the Boer War.

During the past three years it has renewed its high reputation for reliability on every Battle Front and Ocean.

THE AVIATOR

The Campaign Wrist Watch is compensated and jewelled, has luminous hands and figures and carries two years' guarantee. In stout Silver Case — £3 : 15 : 0

The Aviator Wrist Watch has a first-class lever movement, Breguet spring, cut balance, luminous hands and figures. In stout Silver Case — £5 : 15 : 0

LONDON SHOWROOMS
158-162, Oxford St., W.1 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4 172, Regent St., W.1
Manufactory—The Royal Works, Sheffield.

PARIS ROME BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANIERO SAN PAULO

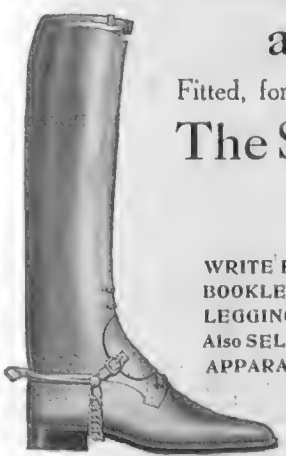
The Best Boots for Active Service

are Faulkners' Norwegians

Fitted, for the Winter, with their Patent Graemar Wader Attachments.

The Smartest Boots for Home Service

are Faulkners' Field Boots

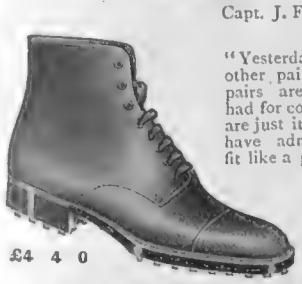


Model No. 20. £7 10 0

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLETS OF BOOTS, LEGGINGS and SPURS. Also SELF-MEASUREMENT APPARATUS IF UNABLE TO CALL

WE ACCEPT FULL RESPONSIBILITY AS TO FIT IF THE DIRECTIONS ARE CAREFULLY FOLLOWED

Model No. 1. £7 10 0



£4 4 0

Capt. J. F. D. writes:
France, 25/1/17

"Yesterday I received my other pair of boots. Both pairs are the best I have had for comfort and fit. They are just it, and all our officers have admired them. They fit like a glove, and are great to walk and ride with. I intend to wear no other boots but Faulkners'."

Lieut. G. S. H. writes:
B. E. F., 21/2/17.

"I have worn a pair of your Norwegian Field Boots out here continuously since last year. They have never been soled or let one drop of water in, neither have I known during the past cold snap what it is to have cold feet. The boots are now as good as the day I bought them."

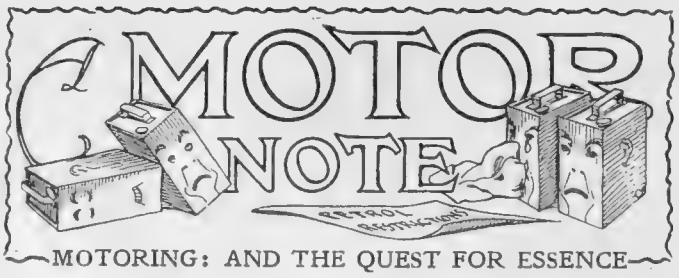
£4 14 6

51 & 52, S. Molton St., Bond St., London, W. 1.

Faulkner & Son

SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS & LEGGINGS.

and 26, Trinity St., Cambridge



MOTORING: AND THE QUEST FOR ESSENCE

THE report that the three and a half years' thinking of the committee appointed to inquire into the possibilities of home-produced fuel is about to materialise in a recommendation lacks evidence. The suggestion that upon so important a matter the committee is capable of such precipitous action is grossly unfair, and calculated to give pain to the very distinguished gentlemen who are conducting the inquiry with particular deliberation.

***

IN justice to these gentlemen, it should be remembered that the primary function of a committee is to sit, and the fact that in this regard the committee has achieved something in the nature of a triumph must count to its credit in the minds of any except the most unreasonable.

***

MOREOVER, it must be remembered that the discussions between those committeemen who favour high temperature distillation, and those who see in the low temperature working the only way of salvation have always been much admired for their exemplary restraint, and it should be obvious that, sooner or later—doubtless the latter—something must come of it.

INDEED, there is some ground for supposing that, if the war is sufficiently prolonged, one or the other of the contending parties on the committee will prove its case; so that we shall, in that event be ready to face post-war conditions in full confidence that, should another war break out, the old country will be ready with sufficient data to justify the appointment of a new committee with power to add to its number.

***

IN these matters, however, we must proceed with the gravest circumspection, a point which Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., and other young men in a hurry (like the Temple Press contributors to the *Times* Motor Supplement) must surely have overlooked in their campaign of "ginger-up."

***

MEANWHILE, it must be a source of great satisfaction to motorists to know that we are still maintaining the six weeks' reserve of petrol with which we started, and while that is so there can be no need for ginger on this old fuel (a word which, suitably pronounced, sounds like a perhaps more suitable description) committee. Dynamite is about the only thing that will move it.

***

THE Mayor of Tiverton has sold his car, bought a donkey and cart, invested the difference in war loan, and "has no doubt he will get just as much happiness out of the donkey and cart as out of the motor car." Perhaps he's right. There's not much happiness to be had out of the possession of a motor car these times. At any rate he will be able to use his donkey and cart (until we appoint a donkey controller and a donkey economy officer), and perhaps the difference in time consumed doesn't matter in Tiverton. But if he's so happy about it he'll have a column article in the *Daily Mail* on the iniquity of moke joy-riding in war-time if he is not careful.

"C.A.V." NEW ELECTRIC STARTER will start your 120 h.p. racer as easily as it will the tiniest light car. "There's power behind it."—Fully descriptive booklet post free, C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W. 3.

SUNBEAM

SUPREMACY UNCHALLENGED

The Supremacy of Sunbeam products, including

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

is unchallenged. The immeasurable success of the latter in the services of British and Allied Air Squadrons is due in no small measure to the years of unceasing toil and experience in the production of efficient motor engines for every purpose—car, marine, or aviation. Sunbeam continued and consistent energies in this direction have produced their own reward, having rendered possible many improvements to the design and construction of the internal combustion engine which applies to car practice, and will be incorporated in the post-war Sunbeam cars.

Will you benefit by this experience and own a Sunbeam then?

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ld., WOLVERHAMPTON.

MANCHESTER SHOWROOMS: 106, DEANSGATE.

London and District Agents for Cars: J. Keele, Ld., 72, New Bond Street, W. 1.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

FEMINA

Woman's Little War Worries

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

SEMITONES

THERE was a fixed idea in the mind of man—up till an August Bank-Holiday which was the busiest ever known—that woman did not fully understand the meaning of loyalty.

Esprit de corps is instilled at boys' schools in all their games and fights and sports; at college, and, later, in the professions.

Women have not had the same training in the past; but the war has made a vital difference, and is a school not only for saints, but for sincerity.

The possessive faculty is emphasised in a way it never was before. Women feel that the country is theirs as much as the men's—that the honour and success of the British Empire matter to them individually as well as collectively, and since their men are battling for what is mutually valuable, they will stand by them in thought and word and deed. Most women, that is to say, but not quite all.

It seemed as if we were pulling together until lately, when we begin to notice a few discordant notes in the new symphony—quavers and crotchets that minimise complete harmony; a flat or a sharp here and there that does not ring quite true and turns a solo into something not unlike a bolo!

We have been "watching out" for unguarded actions, or expressions of opinion, on our own part that might be misconstrued, or on the part of other women that admit of only one construction; realising, as we do, a vague undercurrent of discord.

It has filtered over here from Paris, wherein early war days, British women joined with women of other nationalities over their "five o'clocker" in expressing dissatisfaction with Britain, in spite of the heroic little army and its Herculean efforts. A resident there, English to her finger-tips, an authoress and a loyalist, ceased to go out and about because of the pain it caused her to hear these disloyalists talk and find herself unable to stem the torrent.

Since then British deeds have spoken so loudly that these fault-finders have been silenced, or have praised where they had blamed.

But one prefers the people who stick to their own side before it comes out on top.

Now that our ears are opened to catch the disloyal whisper it is disconcerting to notice how often it occurs. A shop girl will remark, when the shortage of some fabric starts the war topic, that trade is spoilt and all for no good; a passenger in a train will tell you that her husband is in Flanders, and the sooner peace comes the better, no matter who wins. A flapper will say as flippantly as a factory-hand that the war can go on as long as ever it likes because she is having the time of her life. Educated women will speak of future fraternity with the foe, and, ignoring the Report Appendix pamphlet, argue that horrors are exaggerated, or that the Allies do the same without mentioning it.

There are many subtle ways of sounding the half-tone that affects the chord of fealty.

Frankly disloyal people are less dangerous because they can be found out and suppressed. The lukewarm person makes one wonder if she has been talked to by someone who has Teutonic interests and is anxious to graft linden branches on to English oaks.

Why not be thorough and make your citizenship worth something now before the time comes when it may be valueless? Cannot the strong, straight women amongst us set themselves to eradicate this tendency in half-hearted ones to be just off the right note?

Some form of mental drill might be adopted. If the head of every group of women initiated some brief exercise of mind-parade before the business of the day began it would be easy to distinguish the ones who were not keeping step and ask them to fall in or fall out.

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS JUDITH WOGAN

The moving spirit of "The Wandering Players," a special company with which she is ready to perform at any hospital, camp, or canteen in or near London. The company is most popular, and gives its services free of all charge

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

A Plethora of Pleats

How typical of *La Mode!* Just when the price of material is on the upward grade, and wisdom suggests a curtailment in the quantities employed, many of the new models are presenting the most fascinating conjuring with pleats. Kilted pleats and box pleats—you pay your money and you take your choice which of the two styles shall bring your new season's blouse, jumper, or all-in-one-frock into the picture. Both are in equal evidence and both are charming, and permitted a great deal of scope in regard to width. Quite wide shallow pleats will feature one model and small close pleats another, while in some cases the two will be seen used alternately or in groups.

A jumper of cinder-brown *crêpe de Chine* had the body part entirely box-pleated, a treatment that served to emphasise the plain coat character of the tight-fitting sleeve. The neck was cut into a shallow square, and, falling back and front, came a little collar of ivory *crêpe* georgette, turn back cuffs to correspond finishing the sleeves. Then at the waist the ivory note was introduced in a most novel and effective manner. Two narrow bands did the trick, each one threaded under a box pleat, but alternately, so that a check effect was presented. It really was very cute, and yet, withal, absolutely simple.

A box-pleated moselle-coloured *crêpe* georgette blouse scored a big success, the charm further enhanced by a deep black collar, hand-veined and hemstitched and bordered by a narrow edging of filet lace. Which brings the reminder that lace of filet, Valenciennes, and Malines order is again finding favour, used with discretion and moderation, on several of the latest blouse designs.

A fascinating little fireside frock afforded another example of the lure of pleats, this time in an all-in-one affair in that delicious new creamy shade with a dash of pink in it, like the inside of a raw mushroom, the material of soft, sheeny satin. The pleats hung in long, elegant straight lines from a square-cut neck, bordered by a rather deep shaped band of silver and *crème de menthe* green galon, a girdle of the same indicating the waist, a line determined at the wearer's will. There were graceful wing sleeves of pale green georgette, the points weighted by a silver and green tassel. As a colour scheme it was adorable, and yet the style was so charming and effective that it could be carried out with equal success in any becoming colour or colour contrast. Black, with gold galon would be nice, as also mole and silver.

A NIGGER-BROWN VELOUR TAILOR-MADE
At Bernard Weatherill's

Room at the Top

Step up, Mr. Bernard Weatherill, there is plenty of room at the top of the ladder for you. Such is the welcome this *maître tailleur des dames* is assured of finding as a recent recruit to the more *habillée* branch of the sartorial art. For years he has been firmly established as a maker of the more severe type of tailor-made and habits, but, for various well-grounded reasons, he has seen fit to extend his scope of action, and bring the whole weight of his vast experience to bear upon tailor-made suits, that, in addition to immaculate cut, fit, and finish, shall yet boast something distinctive and ultra-pleasing in the way of design and detail.

Just as an example of the style of suit that is occupying so large a share of his attention at present,

(Continued on page 222)